

BLACK BARE & BEAUTIFUL

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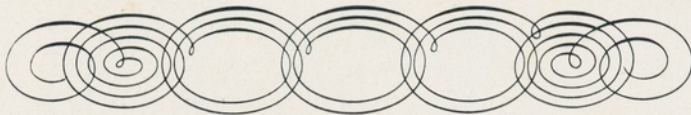


DOING HER THING • PASSION PLAYER
BIG BOLD AND BLACK • DEEP AND DARK

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VOLUME 6 NUMBER 2

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CONTENTS

PASSION PLAYER	
Foto-feature	4
CINDY'S BACK DOOR	
Illustrated Fiction	11
BIG, BOLD AND BLACK	
Foto-feature	15
DEEP AND DARK	
Foto-feature	23
THE GIRL IS GAME	
Foto-feature	32
GHETTO GALS - MILITANT OR MELLOW	
Photo Illustrated Article	38
DOING HER THING	
Foto-feature	46



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EDITORIAL

There has been a tremendous amount of interest through the years in the girls of **BLACK, BARE AND BEAUTIFUL**. Of course, we realize that for many men, black women still represent the ultimate in forbidden fruit, the exotic, sperm-stirring daughters of darkness whose mere glance can spur a normal male into red-hot rutting heat. There is no doubt that the sexiest, most desirable women around are black and beautiful. These girls lay it on the line and don't play childish games with their men. They know the quickest way to a man's heart is not in the kitchen, but in the bedroom -- or any room that's got a soft, flat surface! They're upfront and expect the same from the men. they get it on with. So if what turns you on is a woman who knows what she wants, and also knows what you want, stay right here -- and meet the girls of **BARE, BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL!**



PASSION PLAYERS





Marlene is a player from way back. She doesn't really remember who it was who first introduced her to the fabulous world of adult game playing, but ever since that initial ride on the roller coaster, Marlene has been fair game. Fair game? Perhaps your eyes are telling you something else as you look over these





photos of our featured fox. Fair is certainly not the word for Marlene -- she's no frigid, sickly, bleached-out bag of skin and bones. Marlene is fair game, and she plays fair and square, but she's a mellow soul sister from her







fashionplate toes to her flaring Afro nose. Every inch is top quality stuff, and in the intense game-playing this baby favors, every little bit of black beauty is important. The stakes are high, brothers.







CINDY'S BACK DOOR

Cindy Love hurried to catch a cab to take her to her 2:30 modeling session at Wally's. He was one of her best customers and he was a prick about promptness.

She checked out her brown face in her compact on the way in the cab and added some finishing touches to her make-up and patted her short Afro into perfection. Checking the sky quickly once to forecast the coming afternoon's weather, she climbed the flight of stairs in the brownstone to Wally's studio and rapped twice on the door.

"Come in, it's open. Ah, Cindy Love, right on time," Wally called out crossing the studio to hug the model warmly.

"Hi sweetie," Cindy replied.

"Who do you have for me today?"

"So business like, that's a good girl," Wally beamed. "Today it's two budding oilmen from Texas out here mixing business with pleasure. They're big tippers, honey."

"Y'all know I just love those cute little oil wells to death," Cindy giggled walking off swishing her curvaceous ass back at Wally.

"They're waiting for you now Cindy in Studio 2."

"OK Wally. Tell them I'll be right there," she called back heading now for the dressing room. Cindy slipped out of her street clothes and donned a bright red bikini. Over this she

threw on a full length red silk robe. Gathering up several feather boas and silk scarves, she walked into Studio 2 to the oilmen looking for all the world like a one woman Las Vegas floor show.

The two Texans stopped their conversation in mid-sentence when Cindy Love entered the room for she was an amazing sight. She was all of six feet tall with a couple of beautiful black inches to spare and she made the most of it with her striking good looks and shapely figure.

Black eyes sparkling and deep throated she said, "I'm Cindy Love."

The two men were silent as they grasped for their voices, their eyes alight with amazement at their good fortune.

Cindy appraised the look in their eyes for its true value and put them down for a three-figure bill. The first roll of Poloroid film cost them \$50.00 and entitled them to semi-nude shots of her, the price of the second roll as well as its content was up to her.

"All right gentlemen," she said, "if you'll step over to the camera I'll begin to pose. Has my assistant shown you how to operate the camera and explained my terms?"

"Yes, uh... Miss Love."

"Good, now while I'm getting ready," Cindy continued, removing scarves and feathers and her robe, "why don't you two gentlemen tell me your names so we can start getting better acquainted."

Al Fairhill and Buck Davis introduced themselves and moved over to the poloroid camera Wally had already set up. Cindy was already posing, her ripe brown body shown off to its best advantage in the brief red bikini. The ten poloroid shots were quickly taken, the two men were definitely anxious for more action.

Cindy was laying on a blue

velvet couch, the tight red bikini bottom barely covering her luscious ass and cunt, with a white feather boa teasingly draped over her full brown melons.

Without wasting any more time, Buck Davis, the younger of the two men, was pressing a hundred dollar bill in the crotch of her bikini, his fingers lingering in the warm folds of her cunt.

"Take me baby," he said urgently, placing her hand over the bulge in his pants, "I want you to ride me till I bellow like one of my daddy's bulls!"

"Oh honey," Cindy said removing the bikini and safely stashing the hundred, "let's do it!"

Buck had quickly stripped and was lying on his back on the velvet couch, his pole stiff and waving with excitement, his arms outstretched towards Cindy Love.

The lovely black woman planted a long, shapely chocolate leg firmly on either side of the hairy white thighs awaiting hers and slowly lowered her bushy pussy in circling motions towards the waiting cock, talking all the while. "Oh honey, get ready now, Cindy Love wants your loving and she's going to give you all of her loving, get ready now, this here pussy is going to get all of that pretty cock of yours, Oh you're so hard and so fine ... look out, here it comes now, ohh doesn't that feel good ... ummmmmmmmm, doesn't that feel GOOD!"

Buck was moaning softly and thrusting his pelvis up to meet the strokes of Cindy Love's grinding pussy, his hands looked behind her full, beach-ball rounded ass and pulling their groins together as close as possible, churning butter in her creamy brown thighs.

Cindy Love leaned back and threw her arms over her head, her round breasts juggling in tune with her ass, so that the full force of her body centered on the

Texan's cock. She was riding him as a cowboy would ride a bronco, and he was bucking up into her like a crazy horse.

"That's it, baby," she said, "give me a good ride now cowboy, let's see how much of a stud you are, come on baby, ahhhhh, come on now."

Buck was breathing hard, his chest heaving, and he was beginning to resemble a snorting bull.

Cindy Love reached down and picked up one of Buck's boots, the silver spur sparkling under the bright photographer's lights. "That's it cowboy," she said, "give me all you got, you big stud, show Cindy Love what you can do!" flashing the spur down the right cheek of Buck's ass and thigh.

"AHHWHOOOOOOOOO," Buck screamed as his hot stud come shot up Cindy Love's cunt, "Ah ... Ah ... ahhhh ... Whoooooooooooo!"

"You're terrific," Cindy Love said, "but what about your friend?" She gracefully stood up, her pussy dripping from the monstrous come, and walked over to where Al Fairhill sat still dazed, his hand on his dick and come on his suit. He didn't appear to see her, his gaze was on Buck's reddened right side.

Buck turned his head in their direction. "Your assistant left Al's things behind your dressing room," he said standing up. "I'll help you." He walked over to Al and grabbed him by the arm. "Come on you worm, you love watching me, don't you, you peeping tom, come on, it's your turn now."

"No, no," Al protested weakly as Buck lead him over to a wooden board about the size of a man. The board was on a platform about three feet high and had brass rings secured in each corner.

Cindy Love went to her dressing room and put on a black studded leather body suit and black spiked high heels. She

picked up the assortment of whips and cats that Wally had supplied for Al from the prop room. There was another hundred dollar bill wrapped around a wicked looking whip. She stashed it with the first one and rejoined Buck, who had by this time bound the weakly protesting Al spread-eagled on his stomach to the wooden platform.

"You've been a naughty boy, Al," Cindy Love said sadly, "and I'm going to have to punish you for it. You know you've been a bad boy and deserve to be punished, don't you Al?"

Al's voice quivered when he said yes. His pale pasty white body looked rather pathetic lying there bound hand and foot. His two twin ass mounds were especially vulnerable, they were clenched in a last act of self-protection. The brown eye of his asshole seemed to be winking out at Cindy Love and the hairy sack of his scrotum lay partially exposed.

"Buck," she said, turning to the younger man whose eyes were glinting with excitement and spite at the sight of his friend's helpless condition, "I'm going to ask you to help me carry out the punishment that Al deserves. If he was your friend he shouldn't have spied on you so it's obvious that you're entitled to execute partial punishment."

"No, no," Al said, showing the first sign of real protest, "please Buck, I'm sorry, I won't do it again, please don't hurt me Buck!"

Cindy Love picked up the cat o'nine tails, raised it high over her head and brought it down over one cheek of Al's milky white ass, leaving several angry red slashes on the plump lump. Al's eyes rolled in his head and his body jerked up from the force of the impact but he took the first lash silently.

Buck moved to the camera and took a shot of the newly violated ass. As the cat came down again

on the other cheek with all the power Cindy Love could summon, Buck took another picture, capturing the demonic features of Cindy Love's face as she obviously enjoyed administering pain to the weak white man, totally in her power. His other cheek striped to match its mate, Al was still silent, realizing that these were just the first two blows marking the beginning of his torment.

Continuing with zest her task, Cindy Love brought the wicked cat down again and again across the white man's back and ass, now reddening hotly beneath the fierce blows and Al began to whimper. The poor unfortunate man bounced and heaved his tingling buttocks from side to side trying to avoid the blows but it was obvious his abuse would not soon end.

Now Cindy Love motioned to Buck who came over by her side and took the braided leather cat from her hands, flicking it testily against the floor as he gripped the stout wooden handle of the devilish instrument of torture.

"No, Buck, no, please don't hurt me!" Al screamed as he watched with horror stricken eyes.

Buck lifted the cat up in the air and lashed out at him, driven wild by the sight of his friend's stretched and writhing ass cheeks. Al jerked uncontrollably, tears beginning to fall as the nine separate tongues of leather all hit the mark, burning and biting and stinging trails across his quivering ass.

The lashes criss-crossed his bottom and Al was senseless with pain, but even as Buck continued the lashings, again and again, Al was aware of the feeling building up to a high pitch in his balls and prick, feelings that were definitely pleasurable.

Noticing the bound man's hard-on, Cindy Love picked up a leather padded spanking paddle

and delivered several blows in a side arm manner so that the force was felt in Al's tenderest spot, the area between his scrotum and ass hole.

"Ohhhhhh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Al cried out, "I'll be good, you'll see, I'll be good, ohhhhhh, I'm sorry!"

Cindy Love could see that he was squirming and writhing in a puddle of white sperm so she delivered two more paddlings and said, "Yes, Al, I forgive you."

Buck took one more shot of Al lying exhausted on the wooden platform and then untied his friend while Cindy Love examined his ass. It was quite red and hot but she soon had it sponged off and rubbed a cooling salve over his wounds, he would be tender for a day or two but there was no real harm done. She knew he would remember this session for some time.

Buck pressed one more hundred dollar bill into the bosom of her leather body suit and she walked back to her dressing room without a word. It had been a profitable session and she was pleased, Wally would have already taken his cut and would see the gentlemen out. She could take it easy until her next appointment that evening at 10:00.

Cindy changed into her street clothes and took a cab back to her apartment and got ready for Felicia Farr, who was having a small party at her uptown apartment that night. Felicia was a top photographer in the fashion business and in her free time enjoyed staging photographic sessions to suit her own personal tastes.

When Cindy Love arrived at her apartment at 10:00 that evening, there was already assembled the rest of the party, two women Cindy had met on previous occasions and a third young woman she had never seen before plus Felicia.

"Cindy darling, it's good to see you," Felicia cooed. "Now

that you're here we can get down to business." She then led the party into her studio.

In the middle of the set there was a table made entirely of glass about four feet tall and surrounding it were panels of mirrors, the image of the table reflected numerous times in the surrounding glass. Beneath the table were spread several large white satin pillows so that the overall image was one of sparkling chrome and whiteness.

"Well Felicia," Cindy Love said, "this looks very interesting. What plans did you have for me tonight?"

Felicia's bright eyes flashed at Cindy and she said, "First, Love, let me introduce you to Mona. You two will be working together tonight."

Felicia led forward the young woman that Cindy Love had never seen before. She was just a few inches shorter than Cindy but otherwise was almost identical to her as a photographic negative is identical to its photographic print, having very white skin, a beautiful figure and wore her hair in a short blonde Afro. She was very beautiful.

"You already know Sunny and Lois," she indicated a tall redhead and a dark brunette with a nod of her head. "They're here mostly for company although I will have them pose later on in the shooting. Right now I'd like to concentrate on you and Mona."

That was agreeable to Cindy Love, she was already concentrating on Mona. Cindy's sexuality wasn't restricted to any one sex and there was something about Mona that made her feel weak inside, kind of syrupy and sweet.

Felicia Farr led Mona to the glass table and laid her down on her back, admired her for a silent moment with a smile on her lips, and then brought Cindy to the foot of the table. Both women were naked except for a red rose adorning Mona's hair

and a white rose in Cindy's.

"Just do what comes natural, Cindy Love," Felicia directed, moving over behind her camera. "I want to catch some good candid shots."

Cindy Love knew that this assignment would be her cup of tea as Mona reached out her arms and Cindy moved into her light embrace. Their lips came together lightly and the warm wetness of Mona's tongue over her lips sent a chill of anticipation up Cindy Love's spine. She moved her right knee into the apex of blond pussy between Mona's legs and using her left leg for leverage and support, gently caressed the sweet white cunt with her brown knee.

Cindy was vaguely aware of Felicia's presence around them by the identifying click and whirl of her camera, but her attention was centered on the creamy whiteness of Mona. Cindy felt herself to be Mona's shadow and was filled with a strange but pleasurable sensation that she was caressing herself, her own brown body the recipient of the soft wet tongue lickings she was administering to the white girl.

Mona's soft hands cupped Cindy Love's full breasts hanging pendulously over her own and drew one warm tit up into her mouth, flicking the soft brown nipple into erection with her tongue. Her hands caressed the slope of Cindy's back, marveling at the softness of the brown skin.

"Oh Mona," Cindy murmured so that only the blonde girl could hear, "I want you to understand that I really, really enjoy you, this isn't all for Felicia's sake."

Mona sucked deeply on Cindy Love's tit in reply, tenderly nibbling on the tip.

Cindy moved down until her body was directly over Mona's and slowly lowered herself until their bodies were touching tip to toe and their mouths joined together in a long passionate kiss, tongues battling each

other, exploring every erotic inch of each other's mouth. Their embrace was becoming more passionate, the two bodies gyrating together, breast against breast, cunt against cunt, hands caressing everywhere.

Felicia was delighted with the intensity of their lovemaking and was taking shot after shot from every angle. She spent some time underneath the glass table for the view afforded from that angle was truly erotic.

Sunny and Lois were equally enthusiastic about the scene unfolding in front of them, so much so that they were stripped naked and were also engaged in amorous embrace, lying side by side fingering each other's cunt and kissing deeply.

Felicia suddenly noticed these two, the raven haired and red haired, and started photographing them but was loathe to spend too much time away from Mona and Cindy Love.

Lois and Sunny were just about to change to a mutual mouth to cunt position when Felicia grabbed her chance and repositioned them on the white satin pillows underneath the glass table on which Cindy Love and Mona were still locked in their embrace.

Cindy broke from the embrace, driven to the height of passion from Mona's deep kiss. She had to have that white blonde cunt, had to taste the other sweet juices of Mona's love which she was sure to find flowing from the cunt beneath her as surely as honey flows from a bee hive. Turning swiftly and kissing her way from mouth to cunt, catching every sweet curve in between, she found herself staring at the object of her desire. Tenderly her fingers parted the blonde patch of curly pubic hair and pulled open the lips of Mona's cunt to reveal her pearly tipped clitoris bathing in a pool of love juices. Opening the concealing lips as wide as possible, she lowered her brown head into the white

thighs as began to lick away slowly at the clitoris and lap up the juices, the sweet, sweet love juices.

From beneath the table Cindy Love caught a glimpse of movement and looked through the glass to see Sunny's red head bobbing and nodding between Lois's legs. Fascinated, she paused in her own pursuits to watch the two women moaning below her until Mona's hands reached up and caressed her own ass cheeks, pulling them down towards her face.

Then she felt her own lips being parted and a tongue flicking and slashing at her clitoris. Raising the front of her body up on straightening arms, she threw her head back and arched the small of her back to better receive the ministrations of Mona to her cunt.

"Mmmmmmmmm, baby," she moaned lowly, "you're so fine, just SO fine!"

Felicia was in front of her now, snapping away. She must be getting some good shots, Cindy Love thought to herself. If they were anywhere near as good as the way she was feeling she would have some powerful photographs.

Feeling a climax building inside of her, she once again buried her head in Mona's muff, determined to take the sweet young blonde with her. Faster and faster she licked the clit with her pointy tongue, around and around she spread and juices and built up the friction until she felt Mona's thighs clench around her head and her whole pussy started pulsing. She thought she actually saw Mona ejaculate to a certain degree but she couldn't be sure as her own orgasm was beginning to rack her body with wave upon wave of intense pleasure.

Cindy Love was not one to climax quietly. "OOOOOOOOOH-HHHHHHHHHH, Lord," she cried out, "what are little girls

(Continued on page 52)

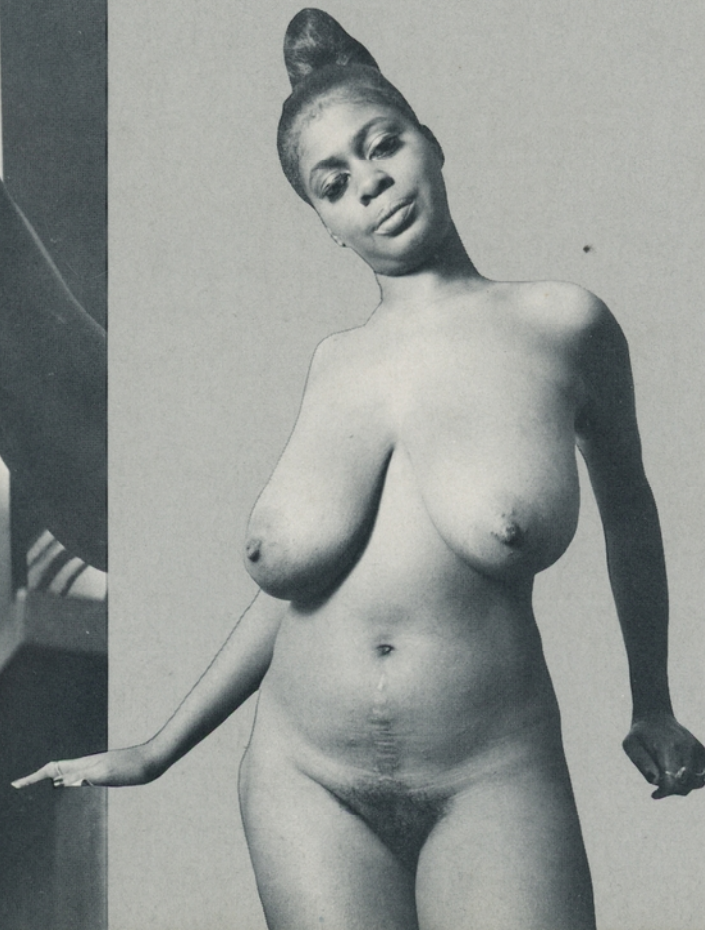


BIG, BOLD & B L A C K

Her name is Lorna, and when she was a child she thought she had been named after a cookie. But as she grew and developed, she began to receive the kind of attention that no cookie could attract. With swelling mammaries, a nipped waist, long legs and a glowing face, Lorna soon became the sexiest girl in town when she finally turned to modeling.



Most of her work has been done in Los Angeles, but Lorna knows that it is only a matter of time before she is sent to the booming nation of Zaire for an on-the-spot shooting -- their first nude.







So far no one has approached her on that. But she has her hopes up that it will come to pass. She has the necessary equipment for the job, and all she needs is a break.







Lorna enjoys exposing her delectable anatomy to the prying eye of the camera -- why not? Born with great physical promise, she now lives off it.



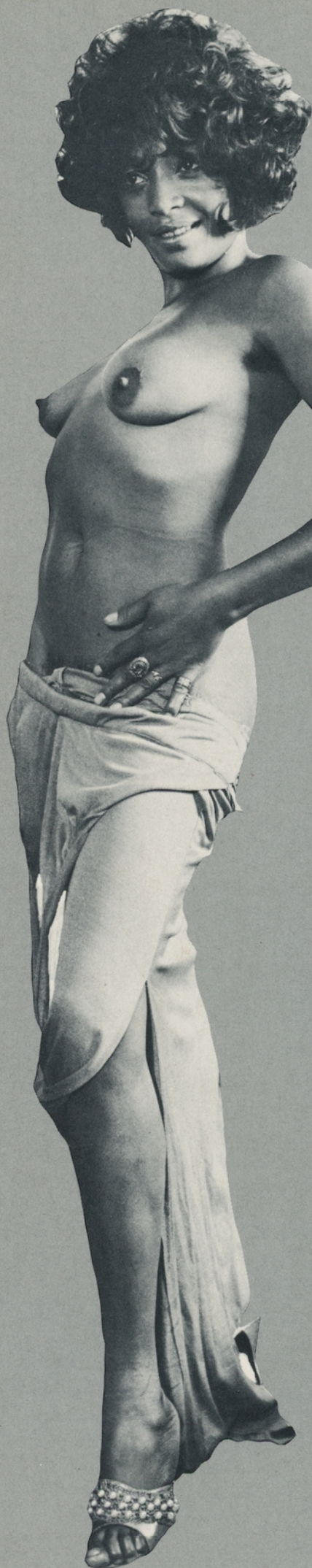


There are those who will ask if such work is not degrading to a woman. It is far more degrading, she answers, to starve, and besides, she is doing what comes naturally, and how can that be degrading? After all, men were placed on earth to adore and worship the female form -- and Lorna is a fit target. So fix your eyes on a natural, organic sight - lovely Lorna.



When a high-fashion model gets bored and feels that the time is right to get a little more skin into her work, she soon finds herself closed out of the high-paying fashion assignments because they don't want models that outshine the fashions. So Gloria did what any self-respecting girl would do in a case like that. She got herself an agent, sent around some nude shots and waited for the assignments to pour in. After all, Gloria was more than just another clotheshorse. She was also . . .

DEEP and DARK



She dug it. Once she got into full nude lay-outs, getting those horny photographers all excited with her full, lush body, she realized she'd never be happy doing fashions again. It was all too drab and gay, she realized, and did not compare at all. For Gloria, skin is better than mere fabric.







Of course, the money is better in high-fashion modeling, but money isn't everything! How can you discount all that rabid sexual attention, she thought to herself. She enjoyed that a lot more than dollars and cents.











So now there's no way you can get Gloria to keep her dress on; she strips down to that beautiful black skin every chance she gets, whether or not there's a photographer around. It all worked out fine for her, didn't it?



THE GIRL IS GAME





She always thought they called her game because of her long, slender deer-like legs. Could be. But she was also *always* ready for anything.







Now, in Selma's neighborhood, a game girl was good to know. After all, the guys that lived on the block felt that at least one game girl was needed just to satisfy their savage lusts -- and Selma was game for that! She put those long legs to supremely sensual use - to everyone's delight!





She understood what it was all about, of course, and she dug it. She's a girl with a healthy sexual appetite and sees no reason to starve when the pickings are good. And with Selma, her choice was always available.





So another beautiful girl falls captive to her own extremely sensual nature and good looks. Who could ask for more?



GHETTO GALS-



Militant or Mellow

Race and sex seem to go naturally—if you talk about the “race” problem, or race relations, sex is bound to come up in the conversation. If you talk about sex, race doesn’t necessarily have to be part of the discussion, but once it is mentioned in the sexual context, fresh fuel is always added to the intellectual fires raging in the participants.

Race is a topic that is always linked to our prejudices, and when sex is brought up in any context involving interracial relations, a great emotional storehouse of intense feelings, sadly usually based on myths and misinformation is unleashed into the dialogue, upsetting our ability to think and speak clearly. We all have strong feelings on both subjects, and the sociological events and changes of our era, in both areas, cannot help but further compound the intensity of our individual feelings, opinions and emotions.

Confusion is the result of the conflict between a person’s thoughts and his emotions, and in the discussion of interracial sex, there is great danger of total confusion—myths, prejudices, the absence of real, hard statistical data on the frequency and character of the interracial affair all make for confusion, as does the general conflict in the society and the individual between the conscious urge to

be accepting and “liberal” as far as race, and the inner feeling of fear, or hatred, or lust.

We are all acutely aware of the general facts surrounding the movement toward race equality in the Sixties—the ongoing reparation for the damages incurred by the victims of discrimination. All but the die-hard racists grant that the Negro has been victimized, and the social upheaval and the corrective measures taken by the majority society are recognized as having been unavoidable consequences of years of neglect and segregation. Most regard the gradual and thorough integration of the races as a good thing. Most people at least give lip service to the liberal ideals enforced by Supreme Court decision after Supreme Court decision—people balk when the race issue gets close to home, when sonny boy brings home a black girl for Mom and Pop to meet, when the county wants to bus tow-headed Billy down to the center of the urban ghetto for his schooling, far away from the purity of the suburbs. When the new black token executive scores at the company New Year’s Eve party with the foxy blonde bitch from the computer department that every one else has been drooling over for six months, things start to get a little confused, and those Court decisions don’t

seem to mean a damn thing anymore.

Close contact, intimate contact, social contact, sexual contact—when it approaches, and mixed racial partners, a new set of neighbors, a date, or a new employee are the doers, that's when the emotions really rise, and the basic feelings of the observing and effected individuals become plain as day.

When it comes around to interracial sex, that's when the emotions often times completely take over, and all rationality takes off for an extended vacation.

We can't possibly sort out the source of attraction and repulsion between the races in a short article like this, and we can't give any really formidable statistical verification that any particular group of feelings are the "right" ones to have. That's not our purpose here—we leave that for the sociologists of the future, the collectors of statistics who will be running all of our lives on the basis of norms and standard deviations very soon. All we can do is select a particularly widespread and emotion laden aspect of interracial sex and present evidence, real, empirical evidence, in the form of case history interviews, and let the reader review them, and learn what drives motivated and continue to motivate selected individuals who have actually crossed the racial barriers in the search for sexual intimacy. No conclusions need be drawn other than to briefly summarize what has been said in a clear fashion.

The subject is the appeal of the black female to the white male—the motives, the feelings, the hostilities, the joys, and the physical realities of this classic interracial match-up. Aiming for equality ourselves, we'll report on two white men, and two black women, all four of whom were outspoken and uninhibited in their discussions of their personal lives. We thank them beforehand for their candor, and for their willingness to share their personal lives with us.

One final note before we get on with our case histories—our title is *Ghetto Gals—Militant or Mellow?* We've slanted this article to a degree to appeal to the interest of the white male—we feel that he is the reader we want to reach, and from our previous experiences dealing with this subject, we know that it is his fantasies, his prejudices, his feelings and thoughts that are sought ought by the reader—the reader wants confirmation, or in some cases, refutation of his personal outlook. We haven't changed a word or censored our interviewees with this concept in mind, but merely focused our discussion and our questions around trying to clarify just what it is that makes the black female a symbol of erotic appeal and sexual prowess to the white male, and to what extent are these attributes to be found in reality, in the intimacy of the sexual embrace with the black female. We want to re-



port our findings on the black female to this interested, perhaps doubting reader, and we want him to have a chance to hear what the black girl really thinks and feels about him—is she the mellow, lush, primitive sexual animal he fantasizes about, or is she a militant, who seeks only the conquest of the white man, a kind of sexual revenge upon him, as a soothing compensation for the general abuses her race has undergone at his, and his society's hands? Let's find out for ourselves, from those who have the experience to put some weight behind their words.

Our first interview is with Bill S., a successful, middle-class white male, who lives in the suburban heaven twenty miles to the South of the funky urban core of LA, the notorious and widespread Ghetto encompassing several incorporated cities, but often referred to in general as Watts, or just South Central LA. Bill is married, thirty-five, and very adept at his chosen field of work, selling recreational vehicles to folks of a very similar financial and social background as himself.

Q. Bill, all of your interracial affairs have got to involve infidelity, after all, you're a married man, with children. Does this present any problems for you? What are the feelings you have on the subject?

B. That is a tricky question. I sure as hell can't deny that I'm cheating on the old lady, at least in the strict sense of the word you'd have to say that I was committing adultery, infidelity, whatever.

But really, I can't think of it that way myself.

I mean I don't think of it that way—I don't have any strong guilt feelings at all. Hell, I'm not even uncomfortable with myself in the slightest. Adultery and cheating are, to me, anyway, more of a state of mind than anything else. If you don't *feel* bad about it, and you've got the sense to keep your cool, and spare the wife's feelings by keeping discreet, well then, it is hard for me to think of it as something wicked or immoral.

Q. Then your wife doesn't know anything at all about your "affairs" with black girls?

B. That's right, but I think it deserves a little more explanation on my part.

You see, I think that the old lady, even if she knew everything, I mean right down to the last gory detail, well I think her attitude would be pretty much the same as it is right now, in her state of "ignorance". I think she'd be understanding, and eventually, I think she would really relate to it, and maybe even get off on it.

You see, we've got a great sex life together at home, me and Sally. We really are tuned in on each other's wave length, and as far as I know, she's never had any complaints about my performance, and I certainly don't have any about hers—she's a hot, tight little bitch who really knows how to shake her ass in a clinch, but she's got the extra special added touch of looking as innocent as a lamb, and I really dig that in her—kind of a tasty contrast.

In a way, I think my interracial thing has been a real benefit to the success and stability of our married life, and I'll tell how. You see, I've got all kinds of drives and fantasies that, well, they're not the kind of thing you'd want to put over on the mother of your kids and all, you know what I mean?

Q. Well, I could guess, but why don't you just tell us, specifically, what you mean?

B. Sure, alright. You see, I kinda dig havin' a no holds barred, all out fuckfest with a broad now and then—I mean, a real animal session, where you do anything you want, and you dig it, like taking your choad and ramming right up a chick's asshole, give her a nice ride, and then have her suck you off at the end, tasty eh?

Q. Quite.

B. Well, that for instance. Now, I'm sure that if I got old Sally hot enough, she'd do it without blinking one blue eye, and she might even get off on real nice. What the hell, I can see myself doing it right now with her, but shit, I mean, really, you don't want to have that kind of chick making the kids' peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, now do you?

Q. Yes, go on.

B. Well, that's it really. When I'm at home, its luscious, ordinary fuck and suck action, but when I'm with a black babe, well, it's time to shut off



the mind and the morals and really get down and dirty, and do whatever thing pops up at the moment—anything that gets you off, you can find a black babe who will do it, believe me.

Q. So, what is it that allows you this spontaneity when you're in the company of a black girl? What is it about *her* that sets you "free"?

B. Well, they're like fucking animals, once you've got about ten inches rammed up their asshole or down their throats. I mean shit, once you press their button, they're like putty in your hands. You can stand them on their heads and piss on their tits, and they'll keep sucking hot choad till your balls dry up. You can tie them up to the bed, spread barbecue sauce all over their bodies, and then lick that spice till they're screaming for mercy, and then you can slap them around and shit in their ear and they'll still beg for more.

Q. Aren't you exaggerating, at least a little? Do you go in for the things you've mentioned?

B. I told you, friend, once I'm out for some Poon, and I've got that scent in my nostrils, and my dick is throbbing like an infected rattlesnake, there's no fucking limits. I think that if I didn't get off this way with the black babes, it might be hell with Sally. That's how it improves on our married life, you see, I get all that shit, all the funky, scumbag stuff out of my system when I go downtown on a hunting and spraying spree, and when I come back home, well, I'm satisfied, rational, and as tender and careful as a man can be when he's got a squeaky clean pink clit to suck on, or a perfumed, tasty fresh pair of twat lips doing the feather Tango on his chothead.

Q. But what is it about the black "babe", what qualities in her allow you to vent your sexual hostilities, or at least seem to spark those hostilities?

B. I wouldn't necessarily call it hostility. It's just an animal thing, you know, no complications, no strings attached sex, just fucking and sucking and everything else for no real purpose at all. Straight out animal lust, that's what the black chick's got.

Bill obviously gets off on the black woman's mythical appeal as the fount of sexuality and carnality—everything is permissible with her—she is low, animal, luscious, sensual—to Bill, she is the mellow mate that accepts his powerful and authoritative masculinity completely and unconditionally. His wife would accept it too, we're sure, but he seems to have a strong image of her as pure, and innocent that is vital for him to protect from what he considers to be the perverse and brutal nature of his drives.

Matty is a black hooker in the Crenshaw area of L.A. A pro, and a specialist pro who services white males, men like Bill exclusively, she often runs into Bill's type, and even further extremes of the variety. What is her viewpoint? Is she resentful, is she mellowed back behind a "no holds barred fuckfest", or does she do it purely for the money, and for the subconscious satisfaction of watching and helping a white male "oppressor" degrade and debauch himself with a black whore?

Q. Why do you seek out the white John, Matty?

M. He's got the bucks, brother. It's that simple. I got the fine black ass he needs, and I got all the moves, and he's got the bucks.

Q. There's no special emotional consideration that you're aware of then, no real feeling for him above the other paying customers?

M. Not above, no way, bro. These cats are as sick as puking dogs, brother, they are the sickest jiveass mothers on the face of the earth. But they got the bucks, and it's a kick in the ass to take the bucks off them, and make them pay their dues, in spades

bro, in spades.

Q. How do you make them "pay their dues"?

M. Hell, it's them that wants to pay em. They want me to whup their asses, most of them, you know. I get myself all done up with boots, and heels, and I gets my whip out, and they get down on their bare ass knees and whine and fart like poodles for me to whup their asses raw while they're all busy with their hands, whacking themselves off all over my new carpets, or onto my shoes. It's a kickin the ass.

Q. That's the extent of it, no real sex is demanded of you?

M. Well, you see, there are two kinds. There's the S, and then there's the M, you dig? The M wants to have his asshole whipped, cornholed, and stuffed up with a sharp boot heel, or he wants to be forced to eat my black pussy, or lick my black asshole. Some of these here M's gotta have me take a big, stinking crap right on their faces before they can get that tiny little peter straightened out enough to even start in whacking off.

Then you got your S. Now he's a mean mother-fucker, and he's out to cornhole me, and then have me suck that mean dick of his, shit and all. I don't relate to this kind much, but when I do, I can smell 'em comin, why these boys gotta pay at least double what the shiteaters pay. That's a fact. You see, you can't rely on these mean mothers—you gotta protect yourself all the time—you gotta make the sons of bitches pay up front, make sure they know that the main man is right outside, and that the main man will personally slice that puny white dick off of his mean ass if he gets out of line with me. These cats can be dangerous, but most of the time, they just get off of doing all the things that their old ladies won't touch at home. Used to be that sucking pussy, and sucking dick were the big things with these guys, but nowadays, fuck, every prim white bitch is sucking hog like crazy, and demanding that the old man lick out that dried up prim white pussy of hers. Cornholes are the thing now. They come on down to ghost town for that ripe black butt, that tight butt that they can't get at home. They like eating butt too, and they like a nice slab of barbequed butthole meat to suck on most of all. I don't suck no white butt.

Q. You prefer the M customer, obviously. Why do you think he's more common than the aggressive, active, S type?

M. Well, I guess it's cause the white done got everything in the world anyway. I mean, you know, he's the Man, Mister Charlie. He's the one who owns the supermarket, he's the one who builds all the apartments, owns the banks, and he's the one whose got all the white pussy, you know what I mean. Well, nobody can have everything and be a saint too. They gotta have a dark

side, a way of getting all the guilt and the shit out of their system. They think that niggers is the lowest thing in the world, so they take a couple of hours a week, and they come down here, and they just wallow in the filth, like pigs in the slops. That's what it is, and baby, for a hundred dollars an hour and up, I whup any honky ass that's willing to pay the price. I'll wallow in the slops right down with that white son of a bitch, and I'll clean that mother fucker's wallet right out, while I'm whupping his ass. Nothing feels better in the whole world, brother, nothing.

Matty's got a unique grasp on the situation—not an academic grasp, but a far larger and more coherent one than Bill, for instance. Bill regards his affairs as personal, with little meaning other than the psychic release they provide for him as an individual. Matty has larger, broader, more general views, perhaps because she is in the position to generalize, for interracial sex is a daily pattern for her. She has a Militant point of view, not a political one, but a sexual Militancy—she gets off on the psychic aspects of the sexual degradations her johns demand from her, and surely, in her we see the Militant side of the woman who is symbolized by the white male as the pinnacle of sexuality and animal carnality. Her thoughts are hidden behind the immediate rewards of her trade, the financial ones, but we think it is the psychic reward that keeps her going.

What about the "M" type, the white male masochist who needs specialized and brutal treatment from a black prostitute? What makes him tick? What does he see in the black woman that makes her a fetish for him, a fetish that is inextricably intermixed with his needs for pain, humiliation and the worst kind of sexual abuse imaginable? What image does she fire in his mind?

Carl G. is an executive, a very well-to-do executive, who lives in a veritable mansion in the hills above Hollywood. He is extremely wealthy, and very powerful in the world of banking, finance, and construction; his investments are so successful, and yield so much interest and profit that he could, if he wanted, abandon working for the rest of his days, and live out the remainder of his life in plush, cultured comfort. Carl is a driven man, however, a man possessed of the energy reserves of a man twenty years younger than himself (he is fifty-seven), and of the ambitions of a man just starting out in the world. Carl is also a masochist, and a masochist wealthy enough to afford to fulfill his wildest fantasies of degradation, with hired prostitutes, in the privacy and efficiency of his dungeon, in the basement of his estate. The prostitutes are invariably black, and of the lowest order—at least attractive, the aged, the deformed, and the infected. What motivates Carl's attraction to the black female? Why is she especially ap-



pealing to his elaborate and extensive needs for pain and especially humiliation and degradation?

Q. You have a long history of masochistic behavior, Carl, and yet, in recent years, you're stuck pretty much to black prostitutes. Why?

C. Well, I've always been able to afford whatever I wanted in the way of pleasure, and since sex is the pinnacle of the pleasures, my tastes have gradually sharpened, and been refined, through experience. It is much like one's taste in fine wines—at first, they all seem marvelous, then one learns to appreciate a whole spectrum of qualities—bouquet, clarity, breeding, body, and the all important heritage. One learns gradually, and one's pleasure is increased immeasurably as one's horizons broaden and new, subtle qualities are brought to the awareness of the senses.

The same pattern is present in the refinement of the sexual tastes. You say that I have a long history of masochism. It is true, but I view it from a completely different perspective. I have progressed in my abilities in a qualitative way. I have appeased the images that spring from my imagination, and I have learned that the storehouse of fantasy, the sexual imagination, knows no limits, that it is an inexhaustible fountain of creative energy, that at the fulfillment of each fantasy in the flesh, the body may grow tired, but the mind continues to spin endless webs of delicious, and painful imagery.

Q. You have a poetic attitude, or way of expressing yourself verbally about practices that might conceivably repel the average man. However, you haven't really explained your preference for the special type of dominant, sadistic, black female that is your present favorite.

C. Actually, I have, you must not have understood well. For me the lowest has become the highest. In my earlier days, I required the ministrations of brutal punishment, painful practices, in order to achieve the realization of satisfaction in the flesh. The image of the Mistress was relative

unimportant to me then—my tastes were crude, and oriented around experiencing pain and punishment. Just as the taste for fine wine is a waste on the novice, the exquisite degradation of being defecated upon malodorous overweight black sow surpasses the understanding of the primitive masochist. His pleasure is purely of the body—mine used to be, and now it is centered in the imagination.

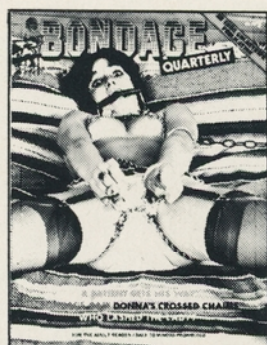
For me, a man of extreme wealth and power, a man who must make dramatic and complex decisions daily, decisions that will affect literally thousands upon thousands of other, lesser people, there is nothing more pressing to the psyche than the need to escape from the tension and the responsibility of such power, and the decision making process. For the man who wields such extensive influence, what better, what more perfect set of contrasting images than those of wallowing in the pits of degradation? What more perfectly suited release can there be than to be totally dominated by one's entire opposite, the uncultured, unlettered, unhygienic refuse of a racially segregated society? What sweeter release can there be than to relinquish one's control over one's fate to an opposite—to obey her every command, to beg for abuse and disgust from her, to follow the whim of her earthy, carnal imagination, and the influence of her repressed hatred upon that stunted and demented imagination?

Q. I see. It fits in well with your sense of the poetic, doesn't it? Is there anything special about color, however, that is linked with your desire for abasement?

C. Of course. Of all the groups in our society, the black woman is surely held in the lowest esteem—her status is nil. She is the maid, the wet nurse, the nanny, the cleaning lady. She is the mate of the stud buck black male, the muscle bound animal who mates with her as the animals do. The white woman can be haughty, she can be cunning, and vicious, she can even approach the black female and surpass her in grossness and ugliness, but still, the aura that surrounds her, the opinion of her peers, keeps a shred of dignity in her stature. The black female lacks this last shred of dignity. She is capable of doing literally anything, and in submitting to her will, one has the secret thrill of submitting to the unknown, the unknowable, the potentially dangerous and fatal.

Carl is an extreme case in many ways—his intelligence and social position are extreme, as well as his taste for degradation. But it is safe to assume that such an aware and articulate spokesman for the masochistic point of view has touched upon a basic thread of logic that applies to the more or less typical client of the black prostitute who is paid to deal out pain and sexual abuse. These men are in actual fact very similar to the S

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type that Matty mentioned, the customer like Bill, for both seek out the black prostitute and the black female sexual partner for her mysterious animal qualities—in one, the animal passion and lack of inhibition is sought, in the other, the sub-human aspects of animality are desired as a contrast and a counterpoint to the responsibility and burden of daily life. The carnality of the black female serves both types, and when that carnality comes across with a Militant flair, with a vengeful streak of racial hate and sexual cruelty, the masochist has found his ideal soulmate.

One might ask, is there no happy medium in the world of interracial sex, when black females and white males come together without a trace of brutality on either side? We found one woman who nearly filled bill in this area, but we also found her type to be the exception to the rule.

Betty M. is of the younger generation, a student at the local campus of the State University system, and a woman who represents what has become known as the New Femininity—a liberated female by any standard, she does and says what she pleases, and although we surely must consider her our best representative if the Mellow ghetto gal, she too has a streak of militance, or at least an allegiance to her race, and a definite consciousness of the role that race plays in sexual relations.

Q. You have a steady boyfriend who is a white student at the University, and you have reported so far that your relationship is definitely on intimate terms. Now, although in this day and age in your age group there is nothing really that out of the ordinary about an intimate, sexual relationship

between interracial partners, we would like to know if there are any circumstances aside from individual emotional preferences that you feel played a role in your affair with Jeff?

B. You mean if I like him because he is white? Hmm. At first I didn't have any thoughts on the subject—it was just a case of personal and mutual magnetism and appeal. But now that I have had some more time to re-examine my own motivations and desires, I can see that race probably has played some part in our affair.

It wasn't a conscious thing, not at all, and it is only lately that I've come around to seeing it in a new light. Over the years when I was isolated in the ghetto, before I made it to the University, where there is a pretty good mixture of groups and backgrounds, I was pretty miserable about my social life. I found myself out of place in the world of the street. I didn't dig the pimps, the whores, the drugs, the incessant Macho jive that most of the dudes front a chick with. Black cats come on strong, and they treat a black girl like dirt in a lot of cases. I know the whole scene, and I understand that they can't be like Cary Grant, or even Sidney Poitier, not every one of them. They don't have the chance to develop like that. But Christ, a chick gets tired of the smooth jive approach, the finger-popping Daddies in their big Caddies who are only out to score a quick piece and that's all.

The street hustler's a tough cookie, and what he wants out of his old lady is something I didn't feel like getting into. I'm no tough cookie—I want my man to be strong and all, but I don't want to deal with some cat who packs a thirty-eight, and gets off on dealing drugs, ripping off stores and homes, and thinks a fine mellow evening is spent drinking cheap wine in the backseat of a big car.

The black dudes are harsh, they've got limited ghetto experience, and they don't know any alternative. I wanted something different, and if I could find it in a black dude, I'd probably feel more comfortable with him than with Jeff. But hell, I haven't found it yet in a black dude. The street hustler always seems to come out in the end and spoil everything. Sure, I dig soul, I dig excitement, and I dig strength, but I don't intend on paying the price in cowering to some Macho stud's self image. I want the love of a man who's got self-confidence, and doesn't need a jive act to lean on.

There you have it—perhaps the doorway to the future of interracial sex, perhaps just an exceptional girl. Whatever, you've seen a sampling of Militance and Mellowed out ghetto gals, and you've had a kind of insight on the forces that draw the white male to these women. You've seen fantasy, and you've seen a little harsh reality; the final decisions needn't be made in a hurry. However, they are up to you.

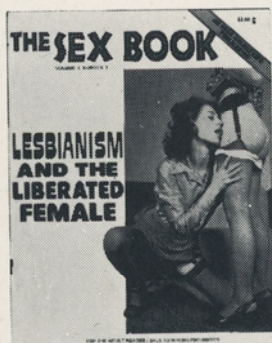
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(Continued from page 14)
made of!"

Mona snuggled up in her arms
and replied softly, "cunts."

The two lay together quietly
resting and caressing each other
while watching Sunny and
Lois's supply bodies entwined
together. Lois was now on top
with her head between Sunny's
thighs and they could see her
tongue running up the crack of
Sunny's ass to the top of her cunt
and back again. Sunny's legs
were spread open wide as if she
were doing the splits and when
her orgasm broke, bumped her
ass up and down on the satin pil-
lows, riding out the intense
pleasure waves.

Felicia Farr brought out sev-
eral bottles of chilled cham-
pagne and the women lounged in
the pleasure of aftermath sip-
ping the bubbling wine, talking
quietly and laughing over silly
things. Everyone was in a good
mood and everyone was well
satisfied, Felicia no less for not
having engaged in a sex act with
a partner. Cindy Love knew from
past conversations with her good
friend that the only way she
really got off was by staging
photographic sessions such as
these as taking roll after roll of
color prints of other people en-
gaged in some sexual practice.
Different strokes, she said to her-
self.

Cindy Love enjoyed these ses-
sions (for this wasn't her first
party at Felicia's) but much pre-
ferred the privacy and comfort of
her own home where she could
call the shots.

Just then Felicia broke into
her thoughts and asked them all
for just a few more poses. She
lined the four women up in front
of the panels of mirrors after re-
moving the table and did a series
of shots of them lined up to-
gether in bikinis for a possible
future fashion lay out. When she
called it a night and hugged
Cindy Love goodbye, she slipped
her usual envelope containing
two hundred dollars.

On the way out, Cindy Love
and Mona exchanged numbers
and promised to get in touch
again soon, which they would
probably do soon since they
really felt an attachment for
each other.

In the lobby of Felicia's
apartment house, Cindy Love
stopped at the public phone
booth and dialed Christopher
Horton's home phone number.

Christopher Horton was Cindy
Love's lawyer and lover and he
fulfilled both duties very well.
After several rings, his voice
came over the phone. "Hello?"

"Hi baby, you busy?" Cindy
purred.

"No, baby, why don't you stop
by for awhile," he replied.

"I think I'll do just that. See
you soon."

Cindy hailed a cab and arrived
at Christopher's apartment about
twenty minutes later. She took
the elevator up to his penthouse
and was shown into Christo-
pher's large bedroom by his but-
ler. "Hi, sweetheart," she
greeted him with a hug and kiss.

"Hey, where have you been,
I've missed you," he said.

"I've been working," she an-
swered.

"Well I hope you're not too
tired for me because I want to
spend some time with just you
and me here alone tonight, OK?"

"Sounds great, I was hoping
you'd say that."

They walked arm in arm down
the corridor, dropping articles of
clothes on the carpet behind
them as they leisurely stripped
each other naked. Christopher
had a steam room installed in
his apartment and that's where
they headed. Pouring water on
the hot rocks to get the steam
going, they stretched out on the
wooden benches against the
wall.

The sight of Cindy Love's
naked body never failed to
arouse Christopher. He loved her
firm ripe breasts with the tips
pointing up, the sleek narrow
waist and full hips and rounded

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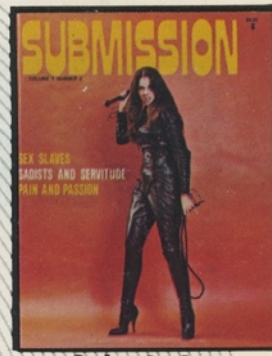
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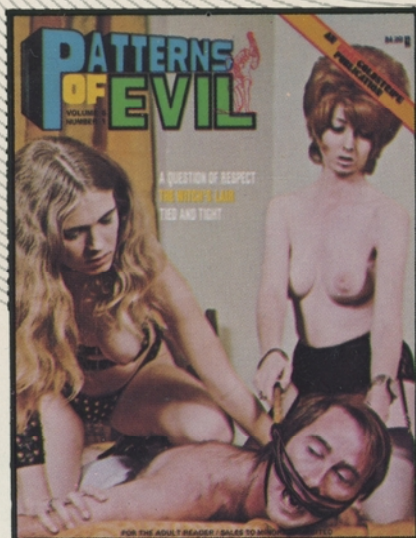


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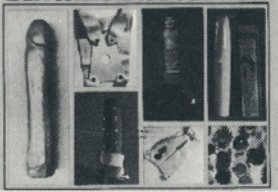
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ass. He particularly was fond of her ass, it was so firm and tight and round.

As the steam began swirling around their bodies, he picked up Cindy Love's legs and slid in on the bench beneath her lap, cradling her luscious ass in his lap. He began stroking it, running the tips of his fingers around on its surface, darting in and out of its crack, and returned to stroking it.

"Cindy Love," he said, "you have got the ripest, lushest, most enticing ass I have ever seen in my life." His strokings were beginning to turn into taps. "Your ass causes stirrings inside me that are hard to control." His taps were turning into slight slaps.

Cindy Love began to squirm but he held her head down over his legs with his right hand, wrapped his left leg around the calves of her legs, and continued his slappings with his right hand.

"You're starting to hurt me," she protested.

"Not as much as the sight of that luscious black ass is hurting me, believe me," he replied. With that he brought the palm

of his hand down hard across her ass, leaving the imprint of his hand embossed on her dark smooth skin.

"Is this a joke?" Cindy asked in irritation.

"Does this feel like a joke?" he replied, bringing his hand down again across her rounded cheeks.

"Now that hurt," Cindy Love protested and tried to struggle free but Christopher Horton was a big strong man and she was fully under his power.

Cindy's skin was burning, pricked with pain, like hot needles being stuck into her flesh. When Christopher's hand came down again on her buttocks, she screamed out, bucking and thrashing about on his lap, turning him on all the more, but her struggles were in vain.

Slapping her again and again on her luscious ass, Cindy's cries were to no avail, and her cheeks were getting redder and redder, she could feel numbness starting in. Christopher was definitely getting aroused, she could feel his erect penis rubbing against her pussy.

When he separated her legs and began slapping her with an upward stroke, her most sensitive areas exposed to the palm of his hand, she went frantic, wriggling and squirming in an effort to get free.

Just as suddenly as he had begun slapping her he stopped, slid out from beneath her and lay on top of her on the wooden bench.

"Baby, you're so fine," he whispered in her ear, "that perky, tight little ass of yours just drives me insane for you."

Cindy Love moaned half in pain and half in pleasure as she felt the tip of his cock pressing at her bottomhole door. She wasn't a virgin in the ass but she'd never been spanked before and her ass was tender.

"Oh, baby," she moaned, "take me easy."

As his cock began to enter her

in a slow in and out motion, she instinctively arched her back to offer him her best position for anal love-making. The spanking had warmed not only the skin of her ass but her inner juices as well, leaving her ripe and eager for a good fucking.

Cindy could now feel the full length of his cock moving in and out of her still in a slow, gentle stroking motion. She began thrusting her ass up to him so that when he was fully in her, her ass cheeks were flattened against his groin and thighs as she pressed herself against him.

Christopher had been fully aroused when he had spanked her and was ready for a nice long fuck, so he took his time with her, measuring his strokes to build up maximum pleasure before he let loose with his hot come.

They could both feel each other's want and need and as Christopher increased the pace of his thrustings, Cindy Love began gyrating her luscious ass around and around, stimulating not only his entire cock but her inner walls as well. Cindy's cunt was wet and juicy and she began pumping frantically, her ass slapping against his groin and his balls slapping against her cunt.

Gathering all his strength together, Christopher began powerfully thrusting his cock into her asshole faster and faster, his come seemingly gathering itself in the middle of his gut, winding through his testicles and finally shooting out his pulsing cock into her waiting brown thighs.

"OOHHHHHHHHH," Cindy Love cried out in the middle of her own orgasm, "Ohhhh, baby, that's so good!"

"You're so fine," he murmured, "why don't you spend the night. I'll put some cream on your red black ass and take care of you, what do you say, woman?"

Cindy Love looked over her shoulder and smiled.

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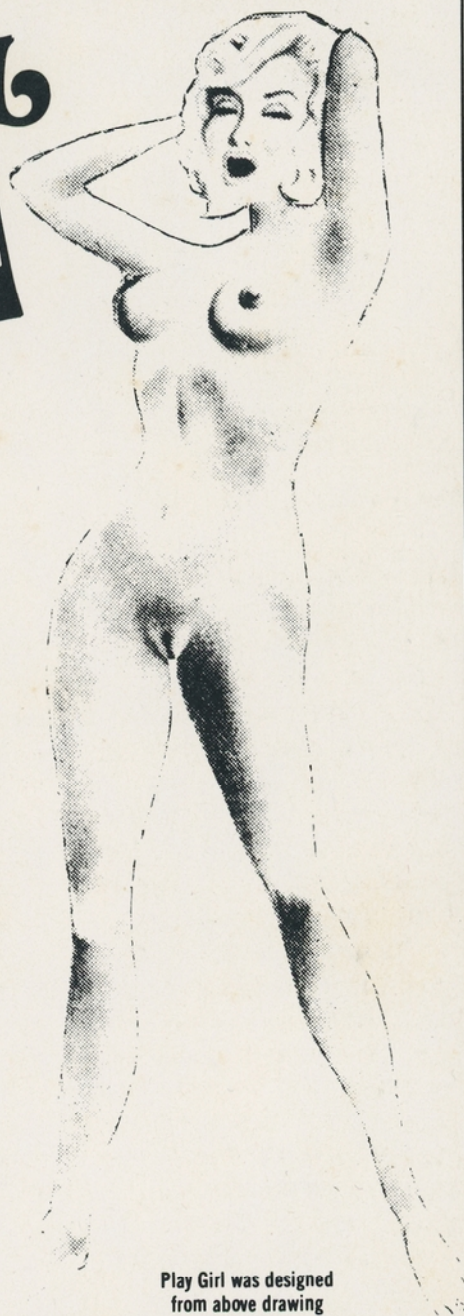
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